

MORE ADVENTURES OF

DAVY CROCKETT

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# Davy Crockett

FRONTIER FIGHTER

10¢

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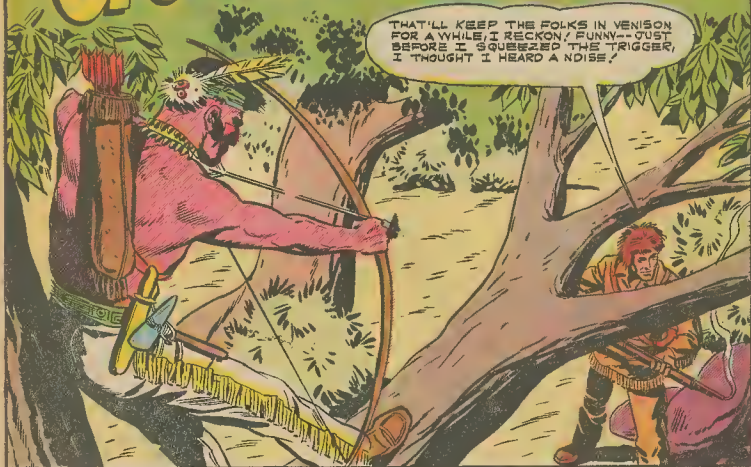
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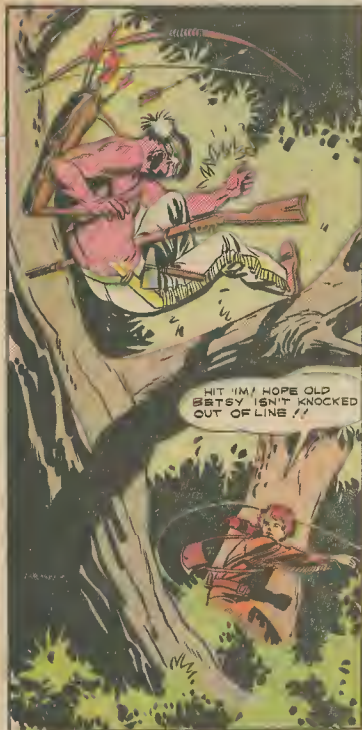
## DAVY CROCKETT

THROUGH OUT THE CUMBERLAND MOUNTAINS, DOWN INTO THE ALABAMA HILLS, SETTLERS WERE CLEARING FIELDS AND BUILDING THEIR HOMES--WHILE THE CREE INDIANS WATCHED THE WHITE TIDE OF CIVILIZATION CONQUERING A NEW FRONTIER! DAVY CROCKETT AND HIS FAMILY WERE DEEP IN THE FOREST WHEN THE FIRST SIGNS OF TROUBLE APPEARED!

# Davy Crockett in WAR WITH the REDSTICKS



# DAVY CROCKETT

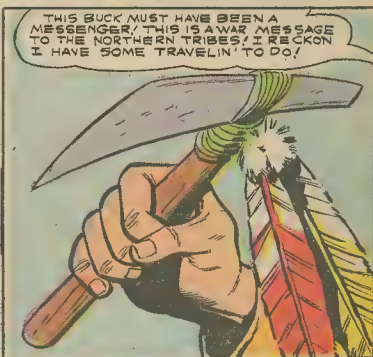


HIT 'IM! HOPE OLD BETSY ISN'T KNOCKED OUT OF LINE!!

DAVY'S FLYING RIFLE KNOCKED OUT THE INDIAN... BUT DAVY'S CHIEF WORRY WAS OVER HIS FINE PENNSYLVANIA RIFLE!



I SURE LOST MY HEAD THROWIN' MY RIFLE LIKE THAT! OLD BETSY'S ALL RIGHT THOUGH!



THIS BUCK MUST HAVE BEEN A MESSENGER! THIS IS A WAR MESSAGE TO THE NORTHERN TRIBES! I RECKON I HAVE SOME TRAVELIN' TO DO!



PHREW! I'M USED TO TRAVELIN' FAST BUT THAT WAS A LONG JOB! LOOKS LIKE WINCHESTER IS STILL PEACEFUL -- I'M IN TIME!

ONLY A FEW SETTLERS KNEW DAVY PERSONALLY -- BUT ALL OF THEM HAD HEARD OF THE EAGLE-EYED HUNTER FROM THE BACK WOODS!

THE RED STICKS ARE ON THE WAR-PATH! I DOWNED ONE CARRYIN' THE WAR SIGN!

WE KNOW IT, DAVY! GENERAL JACKSON'S GETTIN' UP AN ARMY TO TEACH 'EM MANNERS! GO SEE HIM!





# DAVY CROCKETT

THE NATION WAS YOUNG IN 1812--BUT SOLDIERS LIKE GENERAL 'OLD HICKORY' JACKSON WERE DEFENDING THE FRONTIERS----

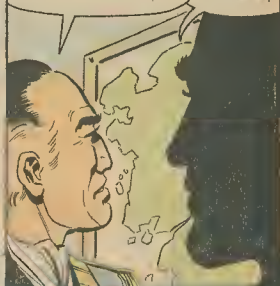
YOUNG DAVY CROCKETT! WE NEED MEN LIKE YOU FOR SCOUTING DUTY!

THANKS, GENERAL! I WANT TO HELP FIGHT THIS WAR ANY WAY I CAN!



OUR PROBLEM RIGHT NOW IS TO FIND THE MAIN BODY OF THE RED STICKS! THEY'RE SOMEWHERE IN THIS AREA! THAT'S YOUR JOB!

I KNOW THAT! I'LL FIND 'EM IF THEY'RE IN THERE!



YIPPEE! I'M HALF HORSE, HALF ALLIGATOR, AND I CAN LICK A B'AR BEFORE BREAKFAST!

SAVES THE ENERGY, FRIEND! WE'VE GOT A WAR TO FIGHT! I'LL FIND THE RED STICKS. YOU CAN SCARE 'EM TO DEATH!



A MONTH LATER--

LOOKS LIKE A WAR PARTY, ALL RIGHT! NO SQUAW TRACKS---AND THIS FIRE IS STILL WARM!



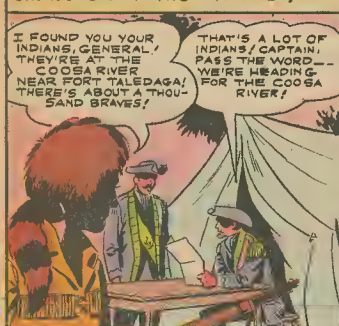
OLD HICKORY JACKSON WILL WANT TO KNOW THIS! THE MAIN BUNCH OF CREEKS IS ON THE COOSA RIVER!





# DAVY CROCKETT

DAVY'S FLYING FEET TOOK HIM TO GENERAL JACKSON'S CAMP TWO DAYS LATER!



SO YOU'RE THE GREAT DAVY CROCKETT, HUH? FIGHTIN' BEARS WITH YOUR BARE HANDS AND ALL THAT?

THAT'S WHAT FOLKS SAY, SOLDIER, WHY?



I SEE WHAT THEY MEAN! DON'T AIM THOSE EYES AT ME MISTER!

YOU ASKED ME, SOLDIER--NOW YOU KNOW!



DAVY CROCKETT LIKED HIS JOKES BUT WHEN THERE WAS WORK TO BE DONE, HE WAS RIGHT ON HAND! GENERAL JACKSON'S PETACHMENT LEFT THE FOLLOWING MORNING ---

WE'RE ON THEIR TRAIL NOW! THE SOONER WE GET THE RED STICK WARRIORS PEACE-ABLE, THE SAFER OUR FAMILIES WILL BE!



THIS VARMINT IS AFTER THE GENERAL! MAYBE I CAN SURPRISE HIM!!



YOU'RE ALWAYS ON THE JOB, DAVY! LET THAT RASCAL UP AND WE'LL PUT HIM WITH THE OTHER PRISONERS!

YES SIR, BUT FIRST I'LL TAKE AWAY HIS LITTLE HATCHET!





# DAVY CROCKETT

TRACES OF THE CREEK ARMY WERE EVERYWHERE BUT THE DEEP SWAMP SEEMED TO HAVE SWALLOWED THEM. ONCE MORE DAVY COMBED THE FOREST FOR THE RED PAINTED WARRIORS---



THAT'S THE THIRD CANOE FULL OF INJUNS WENT DOWN THE RIVER TODAY! FORT TALEDAGA'S DOWN THAT WAY! THERE'S A FRIENDLY TRIBE LIVIN' THERE! I THINK I'LL USE THEIR FERRY SERVICE!



ONCE THAT BUCK TURNS HIS BACK, I'LL SHOVE OFF! I DON'T MIND ONE INJUN--EVEN TWO--BUT I'M NOT TAKING ON A WHOLE TRIBE!

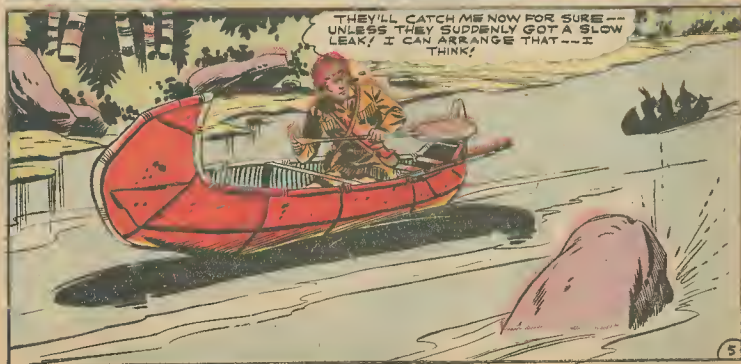


WHITE HUNTER STEAL CANOE!

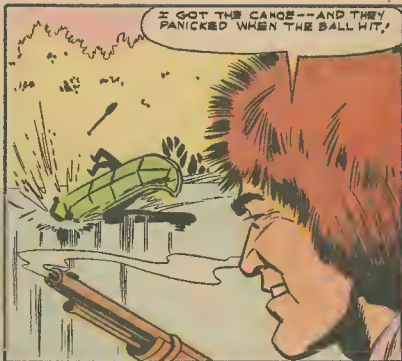
THE FAT'S IN THE FIRE NOW!



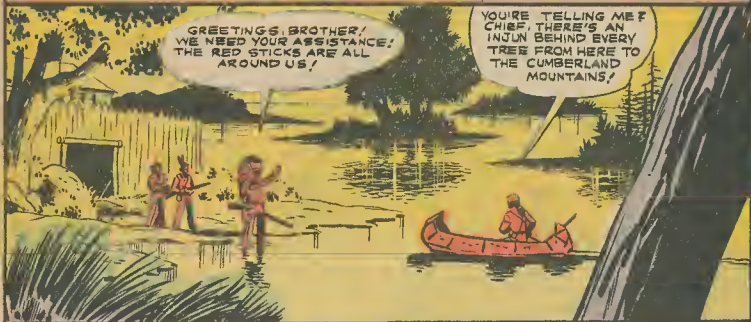
THEY'LL CATCH ME NOW FOR SURE-- UNLESS THEY SUDDENLY GOT A SLOW LEAK! I CAN ARRANGE THAT--I THINK!



# DAVY CROCKETT



FORT TALEDAGA WAS A FORT BUILT BY INDIANS FRIENDLY TO THE WHITE MEN--THE REBEL RED STICK TRIBE HATED THEM FIERCELY!





# DAVY CROCKETT

THE RED STICKS WERE WATCHING FOR A MESS-  
ENGER--- OAVY CROCKETT HAD DOZENS OF  
NEAR MISSES ALONG THE WAY!

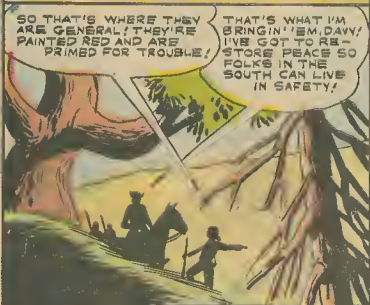


THEY'VE GOT FORT TALEDAGA  
SURROUNDED! IF THEY PUT ON  
THE PRESSURE EVEN THE FRIENDLY  
TRIBES WILL FIGHT ON THE SIDE OF  
THE RED STICKS!



A SCOUTING PARTY IS UP AHEAD OF  
ME! I'VE GOT TO GET TO JACKSON  
BEFORE THEY SPOT HIM AND ALERT  
THE TRIBE!

DAVY FOUND JACKSON'S ARMY ALREADY ON THE  
MARCH FOR THE COOSA RIVER! JACKSON  
LISTENED INTENTLY AS HE MADE HIS REPORT:



SO THAT'S WHERE THEY  
ARE GENERAL! THEY'RE  
PAINTED RED AND ARE  
PRIMED FOR TROUBLE!

THAT'S WHAT I'M  
BRINGIN' 'EM, DAVY!  
I'VE GOT TO RE-  
STORE PEACE SO  
FOLKS IN THE  
SOUTH CAN LIVE  
IN SAFETY!

I GOT A FAMILY, GENERAL! WHEN I HAVE TO  
BE AWAY TOTIN' IN FURS OR BUYIN' SUPPLIES  
FOR 'EM, I WANT THEM TO BE ALL RIGHT!



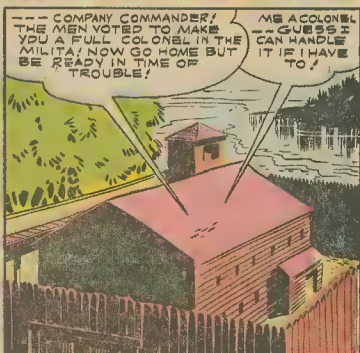
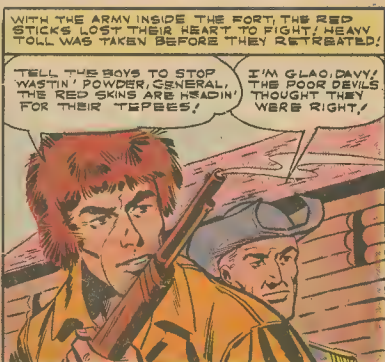
OLD HICKORY JACKSON HOPED FOR A  
SURPRISE--- BUT THE WILY RED STICKS  
WERE IN AMBUSH NEAR THE FORT!



IT'S AN AMBUSH,  
GENERAL! HEAD  
FOR THE FORT!

TELL THE MEN TO CHARGE  
WE'LL BE MASSACRED  
OUT HERE IN THE OPEN-  
WE'VE GOT TO GET IN-  
SIDE THE FORT!!!

# DAVY CROCKETT



THE END



DAVY CROCKETT

# Davy Crockett

in

## THE PENNSYLVANIA RIFLE

HUNTING WAS A SOURCE OF FOOD AS WELL AS JOY TO YOUNG DAVY CROCKETT--AND HIS FAME AS A CRACK SHOT WAS SPREAD THROUGH THE BLUE RIDGE MOUNTAINS! BUT THEN HE MET A BETTER MAN THAN HIMSELF... OR A BETTER RIFLE?

I MISSED! THAT TARGET SEEMS TO BE A MILE OFF!

I HIT IT, DAVY! YOU JUST LOST YOUR FIRST SHOOTIN' MATCH!

DAVY'S RIFLE COULDN'T EVEN CARRY THE BALL THAT FAR!

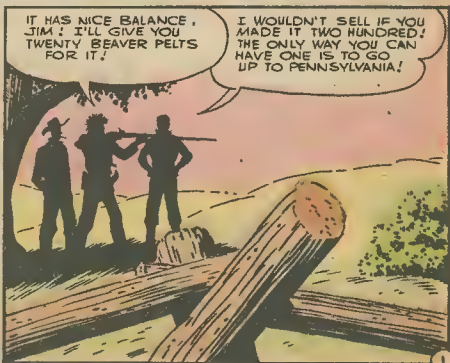
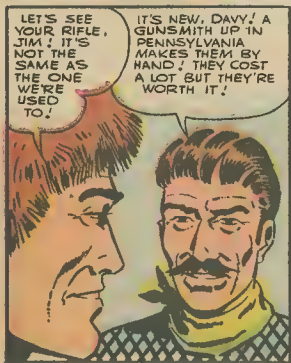


LET'S SEE YOUR RIFLE, JIM! IT'S NOT THE SAME AS THE ONE WE'RE USED TO!

IT'S NEW, DAVY! A GUNSMITH UP IN PENNSYLVANIA MAKES THEM BY HAND! THEY COST A LOT BUT THEY'RE WORTH IT!

IT HAS NICE BALANCE, JIM! I'LL GIVE YOU TWENTY BEAVER PELTS FOR IT!

I WOULDN'T SELL IF YOU MADE IT TWO HUNDRED! THE ONLY WAY YOU CAN HAVE ONE IS TO GO UP TO PENNSYLVANIA!



# DAVY CROCKETT

I GUESS YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO DO WITHOUT ONE, DAVY! PENNSYLVANIA'S A PRETTY LONG WALK FROM THESE PARTS!

I'VE GOT TO HAVE A RIFLE LIKE JIM'S. I'M AGOIN'!

AS DAVY'S FRIEND SO BLUNTLY SAID-- IT WAS A LONG WALK! DAVY STARTED NORTH WITH LITTLE MONEY BUT A LOAD OF CONFIDENCE...

I'VE GOT NO MONEY, MISTER, BUT I'LL WORK FOR A NIGHT'S LODGIN' AN' A MEAL!

WOODPILE'S OUT IN BACK, STRANGER. I'LL HOLLER WHEN THE MEAL IS READY!

SO YOU'RE FROM THE BACKWOODS? WHAT ARE YOU DOIN' UP HERE IN VIRGINIA?

I'M ON MY WAY TO PENNSYLVANIA, THERE'S A MAN UP THERE WHO MAKES FINE RIFLES!

HIS GUNS CAN SKIN A FLY AT HALF A MILE AND NOT EVEN DRAW BLOOD! WITH A GUN LIKE THAT, I COULD REALLY HIT A MARK!

IT WAS A WEARY DAVY WHO FINALLY KNOCKED ON THE DOOR OF OTTO SCHNEIDER JUST OUTSIDE PHILADELPHIA. THE GUNSMITH WAS WORKING...

YOU WANT TO BUY ONE OF MY RIFLES? CAN YOU SHOOT?

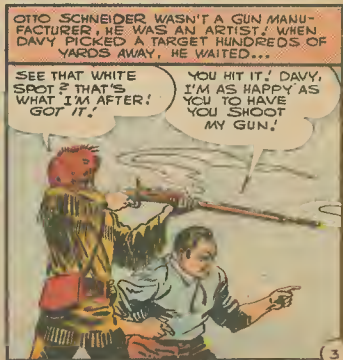
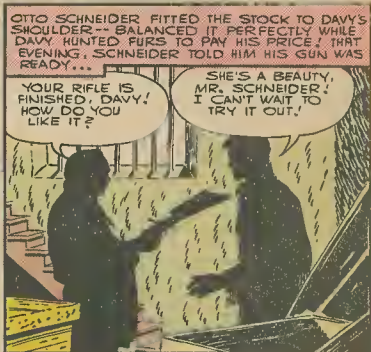
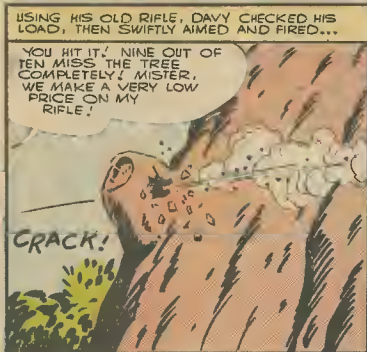
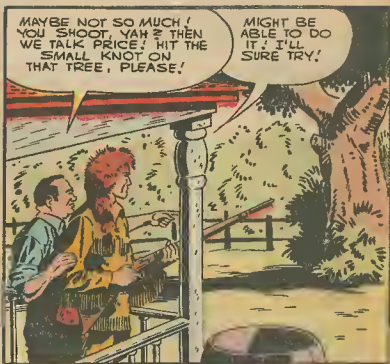
I GET ALONG, MR. SCHNEIDER-- BUT I'D DO BETTER WITH ON OF YOUR GUNS!

HOW COME YOU PUT THOSE GROOVES IN THE BARREL? MINE'S A SMOOTH BORE!

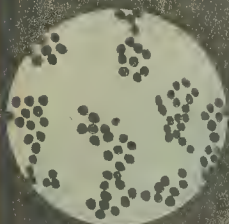
THAT'S WHY SOMETIMES YOUR SHOT MISSES! THOSE GROOVES KEEP THE RIFLE BULLET STRAIGHT! THEY'RE CALLED 'LANDS'!



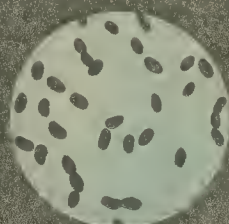
# DAVY CROCKETT



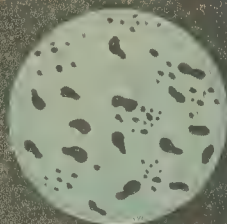
# KILL THESE HAIR-DESTROYING GERMS



Staphylococcus albus



Corynebacterium acnes



Pityrosporum ovale

# SAVE YOUR HAIR

Beware of your itchy scalp, hair loss, dandruff, head scales, unpleasant head odors! Nature may be warning you of approaching baldness. Heed Nature's warning! Treat your scalp to scientifically prepared Ward's Formula.

Millions of trouble-breeding bacteria, living on your sick scalp (see above) are killed on contact. Ward's Formula kills not one, but *all 3* types of these destructive scalp germs now recognized by many medical authorities as a significant cause of baldness. Kill these germs—don't risk letting them kill your hair growth.

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1. Kills germs that retard normal hair growth—*on contact*
2. Removes ugly infectious dandruff—*fast*
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4. Stops annoying scalp itch and burn—*instantly*
5. Starts wonderful self-massaging action—*within 3 seconds*

Once you're bald, that's *it*, friends! There's nothing you can do. Your hair is gone forever. So are your chances of getting it back. But Ward's Formula, used as directed, keeps your sick scalp free of itchy dandruff, seborrhea, and stops the hair loss they cause. Almost at once your hair looks thicker, more attractive and alive.

We don't ask you to believe *us*. Thousands of men and women—first skeptical just as you are—have *proved* what we say. Here's our **GUARANTEE**. Try Ward's Formula in your own home for only 10 days. You must enjoy *all* the benefits we claim—or we return not only the price you pay—but **DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK** on return of unused portion. You are the judge. Send no money. Pay postman only \$2 plus a few cents postage, or save postage by sending \$2 with order. **ACT NOW TO SAVE YOUR HAIR. SEND COUPON TODAY!**

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# DOUBLE MONEY BACK GUARANTEE



# DAVY CROCKETT

IT WAS A LONG WAY BACK TO THE FRONTIER, BUT THE MILES WERE EASIER WITH "OLD BETSY," HIS PET NAME FOR HIS RIFLE, UNDER HIS ARM...

I HEAR MUSIC UP THERE! ANYTHING SPECIAL GOIN' ON?

SURE IS, STRANGER! THIS IS FAIR DAY-- THERE'LL BE DANCIN' AN' CONTESTS!



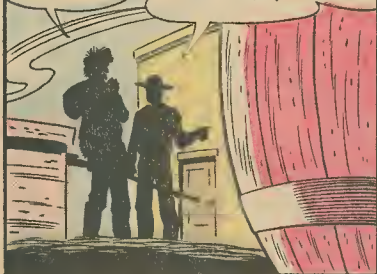
SO THERE'S GOIN' TO BE A WRESTLIN' MATCH AN' A SHOOTIN' CONTEST! CAN ANYONE ENTER THEM?

YOU'RE DARNED RIGHT! IF YOU CAN USE THAT FANCY RIFLE YOU'RE TOTIN', STRANGER, I HOPE YOU DO!

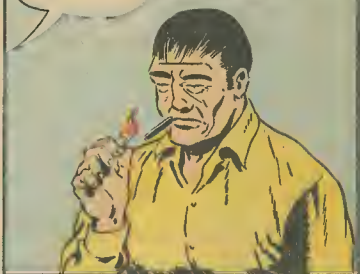


WHY? YOU GOT A GRUDGE AGAINST ANYONE IN TOWN?

NOT A GRUDGE EXACTLY! IT'S JUST THAT IF BULL MUNSON WINS THE WHOLE THING, HE'LL MAKE US ALL MISERABLE IN THE FUTURE! LOOK AT 'IM!



THE LAST FAVOR HE DID ANYBODY WAS WHEN HE RAN AWAY FROM HOME! WISH HE'D RUN AWAY FROM **HERE!**



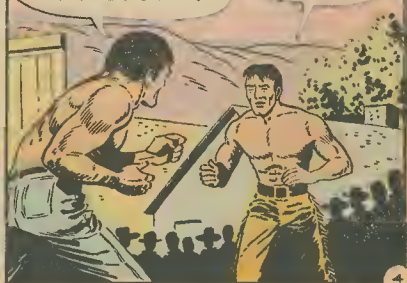
I HEAR YOU MADE A BRAG THAT YOU'LL WIN ALL THE CONTESTS TODAY? THAT'S HARD TO DO!

THAT'S RIGHT, STRANGER, AND THE WRESTLIN' COMES FIRST-- AFTER I GET MY HANDS ON YOU IN THAT, YOU WON'T BE DOIN' ANY FANCY SHOOTIN'! LET'S GET STARTED!

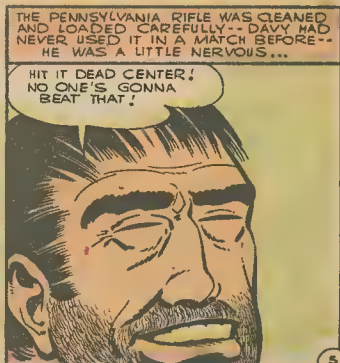
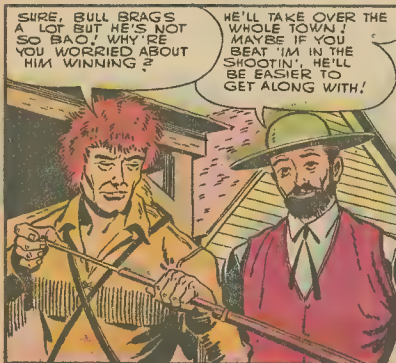
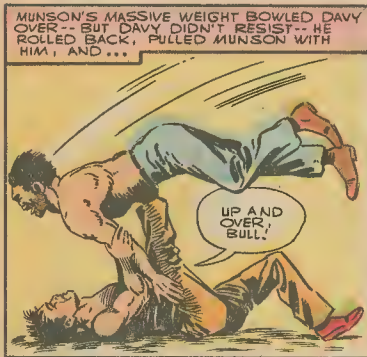


DON'T BE BASHFUL, STRANGER! COME ON, I CAN SQUEEZE THE BREATH OUT OF A GRIZZLY WHEN I GET MY HANDS ON HIM!

THIS IS ONE GRIZZLY YOU WON'T SQUEEZE, MUNSON!

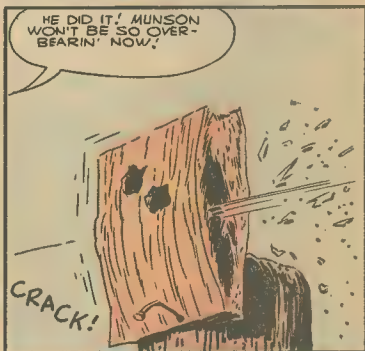
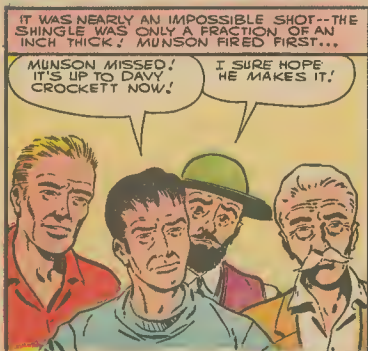


# DAVY CROCKETT





# DAVY CROCKETT



THE END

# POWDER HORN

On the surface everything looked peaceful of Brandon's Trading Post. There were four large covered wagons within the protection of the stockade. The axen were outside grazing. Some of the children were even picking flowers. And here and there could be seen a squaw busy at work making moccasins. But inside the main hall a dispute was taking place. And Major John R. Kemp was doing his best not to lose his temper.

"If you leave today or tomorrow with those four wagons you will never reach Willows Creek," said the officer. "Somewhere out there on the plains is Philippe Botiste and his crew of cutthroats. They raid small wagon parties. And they are even worse than the hostile Indians. They won't leave a survivor. Only burnt wagons."

Back in New England they said that Henry Owens was as stubborn as a mule. Much better to try to talk to a hurricane than to reason with him once he had made up his mind.

"We got good guns," snapped back the New Englander. "And if it comes to fighting thieves then our women folks will give us a hand. They can reload the rifles. And even shoot if necessary. We are traveling on a schedule. Time is precious. Don't want to get caught in the winter snows."

There was but one last appeal and the Major decided to try it. He turned to the famous man of the west and spoke.

"Davy Crockett, see if you can pound some sense into his head. If he won't think of himself, then how about that little girl of his? Does he want to sacrifice little Frances also?"

Davy Crockett had met men like Henry Owens before and he would meet the same type again. It would be a waste of words to try to convince Henry Owens about the real danger out there on the plains. He had a different idea.

"He won't wait two days until the wagon train from St. Louis arrives. He could join them. So I say just let him go. No skin off our back."

The reply was so different than that which the Major had expected that surprise was written all over the officer's face. But he realized that Davy Crockett must have some plan. So he said nothing.

Outside the building, Davy Crockett Jr. was talking to Frances Owen who was interested in the famous son of a famous man.

"This is my powder horn," explained the young boy. "And this is my bullet pouch. I also have patches when I ram the ball down the barrel of my gun. Maybe my father will let me show you how I shoot."

Frances Owen took the horn, which was on a strap, from Davy, Jr. and examined it. Davy Crockett and his friend Jed Turner watched with interest.

"I see you are going to do nothing. Or maybe it is something," said Jed Turner with a smile playing over his lips. "I guess there is more than one way to handle a fool."

The next morning the small wagon party left. They had only travelled some five miles when they were overtaken by a half-dozen cavalry men under Sergeant Bellows.

"Anything wrong?" asked Henry Owens.

"Something has been stolen and we want you all to return to the trading post," replied Sergeant Bellows.

"You must be crazy," half shouted the angry Henry Owens. "Go ahead and search all the wagons. We are honest folks."

The sergeant accepted the invitation. He searched Henry Owens' wagon first and found the object. Holding up the powder horn he pointed to the name on it: Davy Crockett, Jr.

"You'll all have to return with us to the trading post and the Major will decide what to do."

In spite of protests, the wagons turned around and, accompanied by the soldiers, retraced their path. When they were inside the



stockade, Henry Owens rushed up to Davy Crockett.

"I want to see the Major at once! This is an outrage. I don't know how that powder horn got into my wagon. My little girl says she didn't take it. You believe me, don't you?"

"Of course I do," replied Davy Crockett. "But the Major won't be back for two days. So you have no choice but to wait here. I am certain matters will be cleared up."

Two days later a very sympathetic Major John R. Kemp turned up at the trading post. But so did ten wagons from St. Louis. There should have been twenty. Don Lowell gave an explanation.

"We argued what route to take. So we split up. Half of the wagons took the southern route. We figured too many Indians that way."

The four wagons of Henry Owens joined the other ten when they left the trading post. It was felt that this group would be a match for Philippe Batiste and his men, should they try an attack. The first night away from the trading post every precaution was taken against a surprise attack. The wagons were formed into a circle with the tongue of one wagon right into the rear axle of the wagon in front. Most of the livestock was kept inside the corral. Men were posted on two-hour guard breaks. But nothing happened except that one little fact puzzled the rather observant Henry Owens.

"Something funny about the lost wagon," he remarked to his wife. "Folks in it don't come out at all. And they hove on old man driving. Maybe they have a lot of volubles with them and don't trust anybody."

In the afternoon they stopped at a creek. From behind a thick clump of bushes they were observed by Mike Waver, a spy of Philippe Batiste.

"Ride back to camp and tell Philippe there are but fourteen wagons. If we attack them when the sun is with us, they will find it difficult to shoot. We can stampede their stock. Then the rest will be easy," said Mike Waver to Ben Gordon who was at his side. "I will remain here and watch every movement they make."

An hour's hard riding brought the outflow to his leader's secret hideaway. He delivered the message to a man with a long black beard.

"We use the same plan we did last month," explained Philippe Batiste. "Ten of you will dress as redskins and shoot fire arrows into the wagons. Then ten of you will stampede the animals. I will lead the rest of our men

in a charge. There must be no survivors. I will make my name the terror of the West."

It was late in the afternoon and yet the blazing sun in all her glory showered her powerful rays against the wagons that still were at rest. It seems that the last wagon had to remain in one place because of a damaged axle.

"Why can't we go ahead and the wagon will catch up with us later?" protested Henry Owens.

"Because it is the unwritten law of the West that we stick together no matter how long we are delayed," replied Don Lowell.

No sooner than he had finished those words when a cloud of dust appeared on the horizon. It was the main group of Philippe Batiste's men riding hard towards the wagon. Suddenly rifle fire broke out from behind the clump of bushes where several of the outlaws managed to creep up unobserved.

"Lock the wagons together," shouted Dan Lowell. "Get the stock inside the corral or they will stampede our animals."

One wagon did not move. As the group dressed as Indians headed for it, something strange happened. Down went the side. Eight men in it aimed their rifles and fired. Each bullet found a mark and there were eight riderless horses. There was no need to reload. For each man had at his side three other loaded rifles. And one of those "men" was Davy Crockett, Jr. himself, in between his father and Jed Turner.

Philippe Batiste was no coward. He and some of his men headed for that wagon, the rest fled. The attack was over. It had been a surprise, but not as planned.

"Davy Crockett, you were here all the time," shouted Henry Owens with joy as he also saw Davy Crockett, Jr., Jed Turner, Sergeant Bellows, the Major, and several other crackshots.

"You would have gone to your doom," said Davy Crockett, "had your four wagons been out here alone. I convinced the Major to set a trap and get rid of the outlaws. Philippe Batiste is alive and we'll take him back with us."

Before they parted, Davy Crockett Jr. handed Frances his powder horn.

"You can remember me and my father by this gift," he said simply.

"You actually hid that horn in my wagon the first time, to keep us from being killed," interrupted Henry Owens. "We will remember what you did for us the rest of our lives."

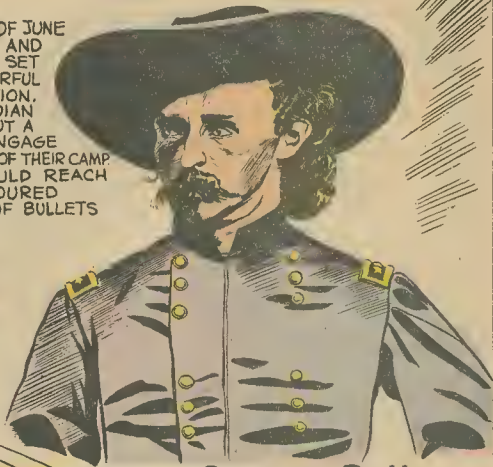
— The End —

DAVY CROCKETT

# Famous Battles Of History

## General Custer ★★

IT WAS ON THE MORNING OF JUNE 25, 1876, GENERAL CUSTER AND HIS FAMOUS 7<sup>TH</sup> REGIMENT SET OUT TO DESTROY THE POWERFUL SIOUX AND CHEYENNE NATION. WITHIN SIGHT OF THE INDIAN CAMP HE SENT OUT ABOUT A HUNDRED TROOPERS TO ENGAGE THE INDIANS AT ONE END OF THEIR CAMP BEFORE THE TROOPS COULD REACH THEM, THE INDIANS POURED THOUSANDS OF ROUNDS OF BULLETS



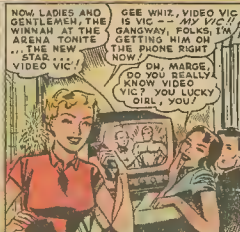
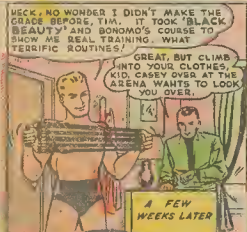
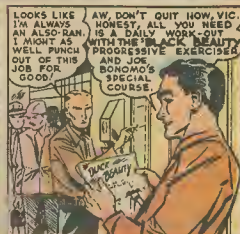
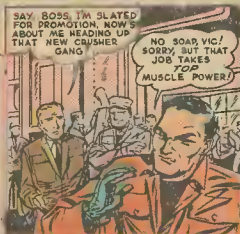
## Sitting Bull

INTO THEM. IN A MATTER OF A FEW MINUTES 29 SOLDIERS WERE KILLED AND MANY WOUNDED. SOLDIERS ALSO ATTACKED THE OTHER END OF CAMP BUT WERE ALSO DRIVEN OFF THE TIME HAD COME FOR THE INDIANS TO STRIKE. THEY FORDED THE RIVER AND TRAPPED CUSTER FROM ALL SIDES. THE GENERAL AND HIS MEN PUT UP A BRAVE FIGHT, BUT THE INDIANS WERE MANY, SOLDIERS FEW. IN A SHORT TIME OVER 300 TROOPERS HAD BEEN KILLED OR WOUNDED, AMONG THE MANY DEAD WAS GEN. CUSTER, THE MAN WHO SWORE TO CRUSH THE SIOUX AND CHEYENNE NATION.





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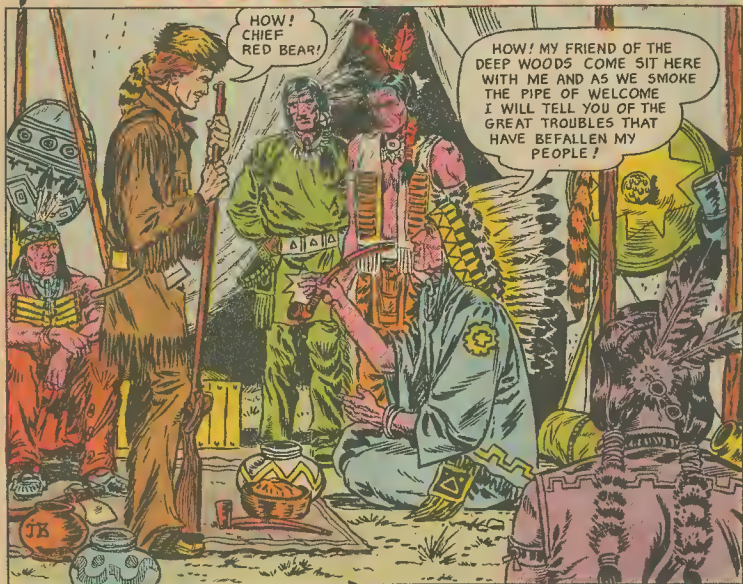
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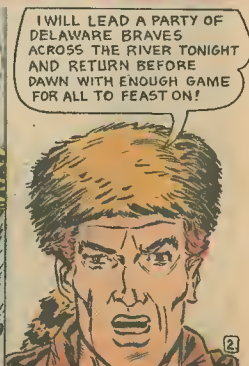
Ben  
NORTON  
X

# TRAIL BLAZER





# DAVY CROCKETT

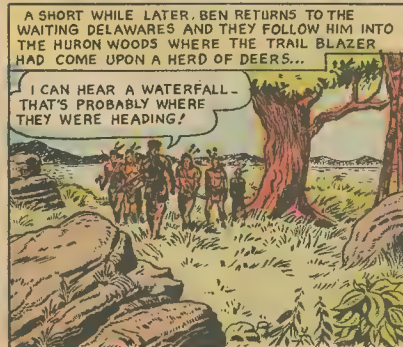
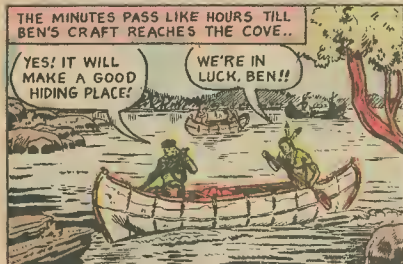


# DAVY CROCKETT

AS DARKNESS FALLS THE DELAWARES START ON THEIR DANGEROUS MISSION ACROSS THE RIVER...



CAUTIOUSLY, THE DELAWARE BRAVES MOVE TOWARDS THE DISTANT SHORE MINDFUL THAT ANY SOUND MIGHT BETRAY THEM TO THE HURONS...



# DAVY CROCKETT

THE VISITORS WAIT SILENTLY UNTIL...

THE DEER DID NOT  
HEAR OUR APPROACH  
CHINOOK, PROBABLY DUE  
TO THE WATERFALL!



BEN, I COUNT  
ATLEAST THIRTY  
DEER...LET'S  
GET THEM  
RIGHT AWAY!

WHEN I GIVE YOU THE  
SIGNAL! TAKE CAREFUL  
AIM--AND ALL LET GO  
YOUR ARROWS AT ONCE!



THE LIGHT OF THE MDON REFLECTING ON THE WATER  
MADE EACH DEER STAND OUT AS AN EASY TARGET...



**NOW!**



THE RAIN OF ARROWS FIND THEIR  
MARK SO NOT ONE OF THE UNSPEC-  
TATING DEER SURVIVED...



THERE'S ENOUGH  
MEAT TO LAST YOUR  
PEOPLE A FEW MONTHS,  
EH CHINOOK! NOW  
LET'S MAKE HASTE  
AND GET THEM  
ABOARD THE CANOES..



AS TRAILBLAZER AND THE  
DELAWARES RETURN TO THE  
RIVER, THEY ARE FOLLOWED  
BY AN ENORMOUS GRIZZLY..



'TIS A GOOD  
NIGHTS WORK  
BENNORTON..



# DAVY CROCKETT



# DAVY CROCKETT

THAT SHOT WILL BRING THE HURONS DOWN UPON US IN NO TIME, CHINOOK! SO YOU HIDE IN THE BUSHES WHILE I BUILD A FIRE AND TRY TO CONVINCE THEM I HAD COME ALONE TO HUNT!

YES, BEN! IF I'M CAUGHT IT WILL MEAN WAR!

A FEW MINUTES LATER A HURON HUNTING PARTY APPROACHES BEN'S FIRE...

HOW! WHITE MAN, WHAT BRINGS YOU HERE INTO THE DEEP WOODS MY PEOPLE CALL THEIR HOME?

JUST PASSIN' THROUGH, O MIGHTY HURON BRAVES!!

TELL US THEN, HUNTER, HAVE YOU SEEN ANY OF OUR NEIGHBORS...THE DELAWARES...THIS NIGHT?

IF THIS BE HURON GROUND IT WOULD INDEED BE STRANGE FOR ME TO HAVE SEEN ANY DELAWARE!

HE'S LYING, MARTOK! THESE ARE FRESH MOCCASIN PRINTS... MADE BY A SON OF THE DELAWARES!

SUDDENLY BEN MAKES A BOLD ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE FROM HIS NOW ANGERED CAPTORS...BUT THEY ARE TOO MANY FOR HIM!

UGH!

HOLD HIM!!

NOW, TRAIL BLAZER, WE WILL MAKE YOU SPEAK THE TRUTH! TIE HIM TO THE TREE, MY FRIENDS!

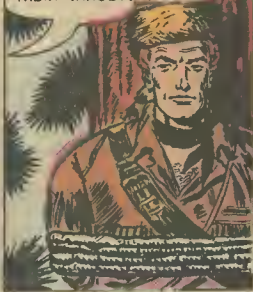


# DAVY CROCKETT

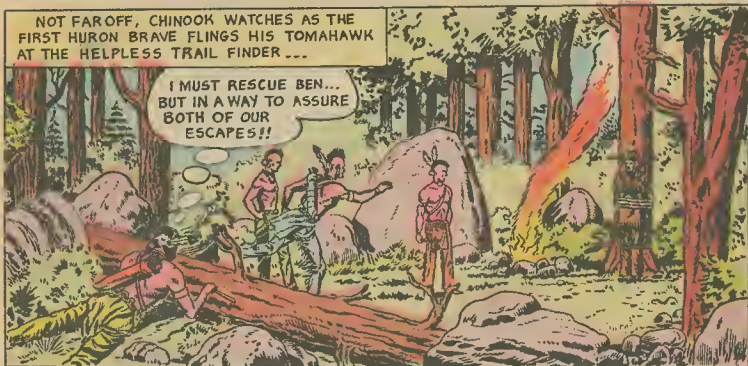
THE HURON BRAVES TIED BEN SECURELY TO A NEARBY TREE, THEN MARTOK, THEIR LEADER LEERED AT HIM WITH A LOOK OF HATE IN HIS CRUEL EYES AS HE SPOKE...



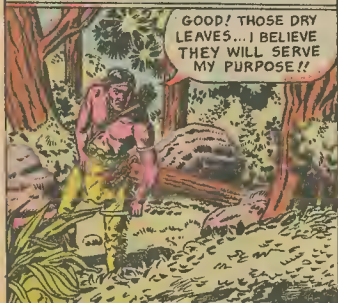
WE SHALL SEE! MY BRAVES NEED PRACTICE IN TOMAHAWK THROWING AND YOU WILL BE THEIR TARGET!



NOT FAR OFF, CHINOOK WATCHES AS THE FIRST HURON BRAVE FLINGS HIS TOMAHAWK AT THE HELPLESS TRAIL FINDER...



CHINOOK STEALTHILY MOVED THROUGH THE UNDERBRUSH AROUND TO WHERE BEN'S FIRE STILL BURNED...



BEN NORTON... LISTEN MY FRIEND, YOU HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR... I HAVE THOUGHT OF A WAY TO FREEDOM!

YOU HAD BETTER HURRY IT UP, CHINOOK! I'VE AN UNEASY FEELING THAT WHEN MARTOK'S TURN COMES UP, HE WON'T BE AIMING TO MISS!!





# DAVY CROCKETT

I AM GOING TO CUT THESE ROPES BEN ! WHEN I CRY OUT YOU HEAD TOWARDS THE RIVER WHERE OUR CANOE IS HID!



SOON EVERY HURON TOMAHAWK LAY IMBEDDED IN THE TREE TRUNK... ALL AXCEPT MARTOK'S ....

THIS IS YOUR LAST CHANCE WOODS MAN, SPEAK-OR !



AT THAT MOMENT CHINOOK RAN FORWARD WITH HIS BIG BUNDLE OF DRY LEAVES AND DROPPED THEM INTO THE BLAZING FIRE...

YAI-EEEE!  
RUN, BEN!

IT'S THE DELAWARE,  
GET HIM!!

HE FREED THE PIONEER...THEY MUST BOTH BE CAUGHT !!



I HOPE WE'LL BE ABLE TO REACH THE RIVER, BEN NORTON!

WE WILL, CHINOOK THAT SMOKE SHOULD DELAY THEM JUST LONG ENOUGH!



THEY HEADED TOWARDS THE RIVER! (COUGH) AFTER THEM!

I CAN'T SEE !! THE SMOKE (COUGH) HAS BLINDED ME !



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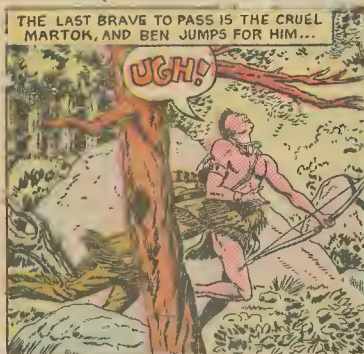
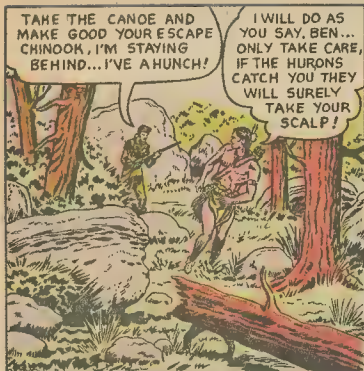
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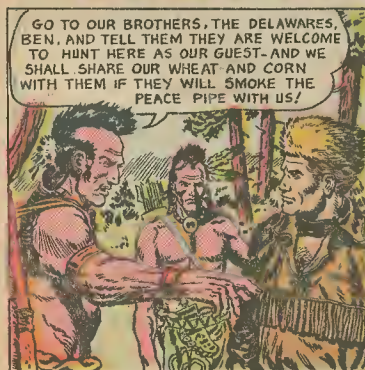
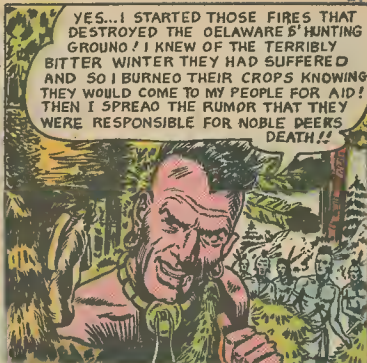
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# DAVY CROCKETT





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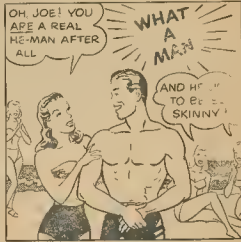
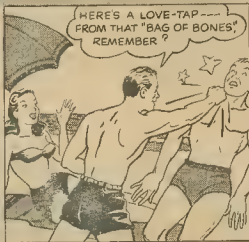
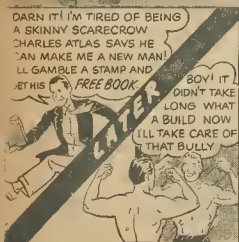
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